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EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHE[NS]

Original Poetry.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY E. M. ELSOM.

My heavenly muse, awake, lift up thine eyes!
And in deep thought, let all thy powers arise!
Come, sing the close of time, with solemn sound,
When months, when years, no more shall roll around,
And all the sons of Adam's race must die
And meet a vast, a long, Eternity.

Important hour! oh, great tremendous day!
When yonder vast expanse shall melt away,
The rolling sun in darkness hides his rays
Or flees before the Godhead's awful blaze;
While flaming fire is through the imperial hurled
And spreading round, consumes the spacious world.

And thou, my soul, must meet the Eternal God,
Enjoy his smiles, or sink beneath his rod;
Nor raise thy voice with joy as thou didst here,
To sing the close of time, a New-born Year.
The seasons, now no more shall move around,
Or man enjoy the fruits of earthly ground,
But all are changed for an eternal scene,
And roll along without a change between!

Come, then my soul arise, and bless thy God:
Who spared thy life so long, withheld his rod,
And opened his exhaustless fountains wide
While their rich streams have rolled on either side,—
Adore him for the blessing of the past,
And spend this year, as if it were thy last.

Draw in the breath he gives, and eye his ways,
Then breathe it back in gratitude and praise.
As steady, as the hours and moments fly,
Be thou concerned to live, and learn to die,
That the approach of time may fire thy song
And furnish matter to employ thy tongue.

Original Tales.

MARRIED IN A JEST; OR, The Table Turned on a Practical JOKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

"Delilah Moore! Delilah Moore! you'll be caught in your own trap some day. Oh, you'll change your tune, I'll warrant. You'll play a joke some of these times, that will be a sorry joke for you; and old as I am, I'll live to see it, too."

But little did Delilah heed the warning shake of the finger or the awfully prophetic words of *Aunt Marcia*, as she danced around the room, in an ecstacy of fun, holding her graceful sides, and filling the house with the merry music of her laughter. And what, think you, was the occasion of her extravagant mirth? Why she had caught her Aunt Marcia composedly dozing in her rocking chair; and we doubt whether a drowning man ever caught more eagerly at a straw, than did the mercurial girl at one which lay, suggestive of sly mischief, upon the floor. Moving on tip-toe to the back of the old lady's chair, she extended the straw, and tickled her aged cheek the least bit in the world. Aunt Marcia gave her head a smart shake, as if to dislodge a saucy fly, and Delilah compressed her pretty red lips, to restrain her merriment. The straw was again applied, and the old lady raised her hand quickly, but without opening her eyes, to brush away the annoyance. A third time was the provoking titillation repeated, when Aunt Marcia, though not a passionate woman, began to lose patience at the pertinacity of the supposed insect in disturbing her repose, and, in mere self-defence, resolved upon its destruction. Accordingly she raised her hand cautiously to within some six or eight inches of her face, and then brought it suddenly down with such force as to leave the red marks of her fingers there, and cause her cheek to tingle with the pain. Delilah could contain herself no longer, but fairly screamed with delight; while her Aunt, thus made aware of the source of the annoyance, with ominous gravity delivered the speech above quoted.

Lively as a cricket, and quite as noisy, was Delilah Moore. She was very pretty, too—indeed, bewitching. Auburn hair that floated in ringlets of gossamer lightness about the softest and fairest of cheeks—light blue eyes, a light step, and a lighter heart, and rosy lips, that smiled incessantly, even in sleep—ah! what a little lump of mischievous sweetness she was! But she was most incorrigibly addicted to practical joking. I dare say there was not an individual in the village, who had not at some time or other been a victim of this propensity of her's; and yet nobody could ever seriously be angry with her. Every one chided her, yet every one loved her. Very nervous people were afraid of her, but fond of her too; and by such she was treated something after the fashion in which children treat a playful pet kitten,—fondled and careful, but always with due respect to her claws.

Many a village youth addressed her, but she proved a will-o'-the-wisp to her wooers. She was never serious long enough to hear a proposal, so that most of them soon wearied in the butterfly-chase she led them. But even a butterfly is caught sometimes; and it is not to be supposed that Delilah could rove forever free. Her mother often said that just in proportion as she teased, annoyed, and ridiculed particular persons, she loved them; and if this was a true criterion, young Walter Lake must have possessed a very large share of her affections—for if there was any one whom she delighted to plague, and play tricks on more than another, it was himself.

Walter was the son of one of the most wealthy and respectable farmers in the county, and was steadily pursuing the profession of law, in the village. He was one of her earliest admirers, and had persevered in his addresses, when his more faint-hearted rivals gave up the seemingly vain pursuit; and yet, even with a clear field, his endeavors to "bring her to the mark," seemed hopeless, and he too was beginning to despair, when a little accident, with a little ruse, betrayed the little castle of her heart, which he had been so long besieging, into his hands. He was walking in the garden with her one evening, striving desperately to bring about a little bit of *serious conversation*, which she, with equal perseverance, evaded, by bursts of merriment and strokes of ridicule, when one of her frisky movements brought her foot into collision with a large beam, which, standing upright, received very precarious support from the bough of a tree which overhung the walk. It toppled over, and Walter, in the effort to shield her, caught the whole weight of the blow upon his right arm. It occasioned but a slight bruise; but perceiving the alarm which Delilah's features instantly exhibited, he turned the affair to good account by affecting to be seriously hurt. Of all people, those of a sanguine temperament have the quickest sympathies, and are the least able to control their emotions, whether of pleasure or pain. Delilah for once became as grave and serious as a judge, while her blue eyes swam with tears of unaffected distress. Walter did not neglect the favorable moment to draw her almost unconsciously into an exposition of her real sentiments towards himself, and such a sweet and unreserved confession of love rewarded the stratagem, as made him inwardly bless the carelessness which had elevated the old timber-stick to its neck-breaking attitude. Delilah was fairly beaten at her own weapons. Almost ere she had time to think, she had exchanged vows and plighted her faith irrevocably. In the movements of delicious embarrassment which succeeded, the accident that had brought the tender scene about, was quite forgotten, and when she did recall the accident to mind, she was surprised to find that her lover's injured arm had for the last five minutes been circling her little waist with an affectionate vigor that was perfectly unnatural to a fractured limb.

"Oh, you vile fellow!" she exclaimed, breaking suddenly away from him, with a return to her accustomed levity; "it wasn't fair—it's too bad to be cheated so; but won't I pay you for this the next time I catch you—trust me for that!"—and half piqued at the *ruse*, yet wholly delighted with its result, she tripped away to the house, leaving him alone among the flowers to reflect upon the happy adventure.

It might be supposed that now Delilah was *engaged*, the prospect of some day assuming the responsibilities of a wife would make her more staid,—more sedate and dignified. But not so, she was wilder and more mischievous than ever. Just in proportion as her happiness was increased her propensity for practical joking was increased also. The very next evening, she succeeded in retaliating upon her lover the cheat he had practised. Some friends were passing the evening with her, and a merry party she made it, with her fun and frolic. When it was nearly time for her company to withdraw, a little dispute arose between her and Walter, as to the precise hour.

"It is near eleven o'clock," said he.

"No," she returned, "scarce ten."

"What will you bet?" asked he, playfully.

"A *Quaker fip*," was her ready reply.

"Done! Done!"

The bargain was scarcely thus closed, when the silvery tones of the old clock in the hall tolled ten.

"There, I've won!" exclaimed Delilah.

"Fairly won," answered Walter, but without manifesting any disposition to liquidate the debt.

"Well!" cried his little sweetheart, in a tone of sly inquiry, "ain't you going to pay up?"

Walter was staggered. However happy he might have been to pay the *Quaker fip*, (a coin with which the reader is doubtless familiar,) at a more fitting and private opportunity, he was mortified at her seeming want of modesty in demanding it in presence of so many witnesses—notwithstanding that the light had been sent out of the room a moment previous.

"Why, how can I find you in the dark?" he stammered.

"A pretty excuse, indeed! Here I am, behind the table, ready to meet you half way over it; and if it's dark, so much the better—I need be at no pains to hide my blushes."

While the company were electrified at this unlooked for forwardness, Walter's gallantry unable to withstand a second appeal, urged him reluctantly to the table, where a loud and unequivocal buss, testified that the forfeit was duly and fully paid.

"Bring a light!—bring a light, Ellen Smith!" cried Delilah, almost choking with laughter. The young lady addressed, anticipating sport of some kind, was not slow to comply, and upon her appearance with the light, there stood the fun-loving girl, her fair fingers clenching tightly the great ears of her woolly-headed negro maid, whose ebony features were thus held forward across the table in the precise spot Walter had approached to pay the lost *fip*. Two rows of grinning ivories betrayed the delight with which Molly participated in the jest. Of course, the confused lover was greeted with convulsions of laughter, which he, with a lame grace, was forced to join in, while, at the same time, he made an instinctive manifestation of disgust, by applying his handkerchief to his mouth. The cream of the joke, however, Delilah alone enjoyed. While she had determined to turn the laugh upon Walter, she had no notion of being defrauded of her dues—but had in reality received the kiss herself.

Months passed on, and Delilah continued the same provoking, pretty, bewitching, mischievous little madcap as ever, with the exception that her jokes were not altogether as harmless as formerly, but became more seriously annoying in their character. To be sure she never occasioned pain to others, that she did not bitterly lament it, and sorrow over her inconsiderateness with a penitence that was truly sincere—while it lasted. But the rebound of her feelings was always in proportion to the grief which at the moment oppressed them, and she was no sooner done mourning for the consequences of one excess than she was guilty of a greater. Her mother scolded, her father threatened, and her lover entreated, but all alike ineffectually. The latter, indeed, sometimes thought seriously of giving her up entirely, for his judgment whispered him that it would be impossible to live in harmony with such a mixture of mischief and caprice; yet some how his heart in the other scale always kicked the beam against his reason, and he could not muster resolution to forsake her. Apart from her unfortunate peculiarity, she possessed every charm that was desirable in a woman; and Walter preached himself into forbearance, and lived along in the hope she would some day see the impropriety of her conduct, and settle down finally to love, honor and obey, in sober earnestness, as a sensible woman should.

In the meanwhile the various members of Delilah's family, who were kept in a continual ferment by her eccentricities, held an indignation meeting, at which, after due deliberation, it was resolved that she must be cured, and her worthy uncle, the Doctor, entrusted with the case.

"So, uncle, you've undertaken to cure my—what d'ye call the affection?—oh, I have it!—*morbid propensity for practical joking!*" exclaimed Delilah, as she tripped into his office the day after the holding of the family council.

"Kill or cure, you jade—that's my maxim," returned the Doctor tartly, without taking his eyes from the paper upon which he was inditing a prescription.

"La! what a dear barbarous old uncle you are! But I hope you will adopt the homoeopathic treatment in my case."

"Homoeopathy be hanged!" The Doctor was intolerant of all innovations.

"I am quite taken with homoeopathy of late," continued Delilah; "I believe in the doctrine that like cures like, and I won't be treated by any other system."

"Suppose we compromise it, sauce box;" said the Doctor, peering over his spectacles with a twinkle of his small round eyes that meant more than he chose to utter; "suppose we compromise it, and say a homoeopathic remedy in alopathic proportions."

"Good! good!" exclaimed his merry niece; "I'll be your patient forever!"

The doctor shook his head menacingly and left his seat to rummage his bookshelves for a volume which he just then had occasion for. Delilah, so soon as his back was turned, slipped into his chair, unfolded the prescription he had just written, and found it to read thus—

Rx.—Argent. nitr. gr. x.
Aquae dist. ℥ij—m.

With a scalpel which lay upon the table, the incorrigible girl dexterously erased some of the letters, and then with the pen interpolating others—a task which the doctor's sprawling and disconnected chirography rendered quite easy—soon altered the reading to the following form—

Rx.—A gent. in kid gloves,
Agreeably disposed. Marry immediately.

When the doctor resumed his seat, the altered prescription was carefully refolded and returned to its place—while Delilah, in another chair was buried in the perusal of the last Gazette. A few minutes afterwards, a servant made his appearance, and the prescription was placed in his hands, with directions to deliver it to Miss Olivia Afterprime. Miss Olivia, by-the-way, was a young maiden with a year or two on the far side of fifty, and of excessively tender sensibilities.

The door had scarce closed after the servant, ere Delilah's pent up laughter burst forth. The doctor started as if he had received an electric shock. Knowing that those merry sounds portended mischief, his first impulse was to carry his hand to his head to make sure that his wig was there; his next, to examine the skirts of his coat, to see that no quizzical label was pinned to them. Finding his person exempt from the trick, whatever it might be, he turned to his niece with as much austerity as he could assume—for it was almost impossible to resist the contagion of her merriment—and said, approaching her with a demonstration of resoluteness—

"Get you gone, graceless! You've been at some of your mischief again!"

Delilah, in unrestrained glee, scampered from the office into the house, which was adjoining, and was soon engaged in poking new fun at her aunt. The doctor, in the meanwhile, commenced a diligent search of the office for the cause of her amusement. While he was thus engaged, his servant returned with the altered prescription, which solved the mystery. Miss Olivia Afterprime had nigh gone into convulsions at sight of it, and in towering indignation, had sent immediately to employ another physician. Whether the doctor was greatly grieved at the loss of his patient, does not appear—but certain it is, that he inwardly vowed vengeance upon Delilah. Putting his hat over his eyes, and burying his hands deep in his pockets, he hurried forth to agitate a plot retributive.

When the doctor returned to dinner, and found his niece at the table—there was a complacency in his air, and a sort of anticipated triumph in the twinkle of his eye, which seemed to say—"ah! infidel, I have thee!" No other allusion, direct or indirect was made to the jest of the morning—if we except a sly smile that lurked in the corners of Delilah's mouth, as she occasionally suspended her knife and fork to glance roguishly into her uncle's face. Dinner concluded, she ran up stairs to get her bonnet to go home. She lingered a few minutes at the toilet to arrange her curls. This done she turned to leave the chamber, but found it was "no go"—for the door had been quietly closed, and the key turned upon the outside.

"Soho!" said she to herself, "I'm to be kept prisoner here till tea-time, as a punishment for my trick. Ha! ha! what a retaliation! His vengeance hath this extent—no more! Bless his silly good natured pate!"

Quite contented with her *durance*, she picked up a book, and seated herself by the open window. Her eyes soon wandered from its pages, however, and her attention was caught by "metal more attractive" without. In the piazza, at the rear of the hotel—which was just opposite, and divided from the doctor's residence only by the small yard attached to either building—stood a stranger, who was leaning forward in an attitude of intense admiration, gazing at Delilah through his eye-glass. He was dressed in the top of the mode—with long black hair, most fastidiously combed and curled; whiskers of a length and luxuriousness that would have done no discredit to a Moslem; a moustache of elegant proportions; and, what contributed to make his appearance eminently ridiculous, his eye-glass was applied over a pair of green spectacles. Altogether, his air and manner was so decidedly *Frenchified*, that there was no mistaking his nationality.

Delilah ever on the alert for making sport, ran to the closet, brought forth a telescope, and resting it upon the window-sill, applied her eye, and brought it to bear upon the queer stranger. Monsieur no sooner perceived himself the subject of her inspection, than he commenced making a most extravagant display of his admiration by gesticulating violently—laying his hands upon his heart, clasping them before his face, bending one knee in an attitude of imploring adoration—and wafting her on the tips of his fingers numberless fervent kisses.

"The impudent fool!" exclaimed our little quiz, astonished as well as amused at the man's conduct—"but I'll punish his impertinence, and give my uncle the slip at the same time."

Tearing the fly-leaf from the book she had at first been engaged with, she scribbled upon it with her pencil, the following note—

"Oh! gentle Monsieur, I am locked up here by a cruel uncle. Fly to rescue me from this terrible imprisonment. There is a ladder in the yard, which you can easily elevate to the window. Set me free, and you will be entitled to the eternal gratitude of the unhappy PRISONER."

Folding the paper, with her thimble inside, she threw it over into the hotel yard. The Frenchman darted forward, caught it, pressed it eagerly to his lips, and opened it.

By this time several of the inmates of the hotel, male and female, and all intimate acquaintances of Delilah's, the host himself being a relative of her father's—had crowded into the piazza, and were interested in watching the proceedings. The Frenchman, as soon as he had perused the *billet doux*, cleared the fence at a bound; speedily elevated the ladder he found there to the window, and stood holding it firm for the gay little beauty's descent. She had no intention of exposing the prettiest foot and ankle in the village to Monsieur's ardent gaze; but, after thanking him a thousand times for his gallantry, bade him return to the hotel, where she would soon join him to express her gratitude more fully.

"I have ver' much honor to obey Mademoiselle!" Bowing humbly he marched off, turning at every other step to kiss his fingers to her, and not neglecting in his passage to wrench a board from the fence, thus removing every obstacle to Mademoiselle's escape. Delilah now descended and followed him.

"You see, Monsieur, it has not taken me long to join you," said she, when she reached the piazza.

"*Oui*, Ma'amselle; I shall have ver' large happiness if it will be no more to part."

"Ah, you are so modest!" answered Delilah.

The Frenchman bowed very low in acknowledgment; and Delilah's friends here united their voices in commendation of his gallantry, declaring that she could do no less, in pure gratitude, than reward her deliverer with her hand.

Perceiving from their merry glances, that the company were ripe for fun, and considered the impudent stranger a fair butt, the giddy girl, exclaimed, addressing the landlord—

"Bring a broom, Cousin Jack, and let me prove my gratitude to Monsieur by jumping the broomstick with him."

"Jump the broomstick with the Count de Laphinstank!" answered the good-humored landlord, with a wink; "no, no, my little coz, we'll manage it better. Here's a young friend of mine," pointing to a young traveller, a recent guest, who stood by, "can play parson for the nonce, and I'll furnish the feast gratis."

"But Monsieur has not signified his pleasure in the matter yet," said Delilah, with an enquiring glance at the Count.

"Oh!" exclaimed the latter, "I have so much pleasure I cannot express."

"Very good," said Cousin Jack, "just take your places now, and let the ceremony proceed."

The Count, begged a few moment's delay, for the purpose of providing himself with a white vest, which he declared indispensible. Leave being granted, he entered the house to make the proposed improvement in his toilet, and the young man who had been called upon to officiate followed him to procure, he said, a dictionary or a prayer book to read the service from. They returned together, in about ten minutes; the mock ceremony was performed, and the pair pronounced man and wife.

"Now, Madame," said the Count, with a slight assumption of lordly authority, "my coach is vait in de street—we shall make de journey to my palace in de country."

"Not so fast, Monsieur; I believe, in your country, married people very frequently do not live together, and as I am now a French-woman, I shall adopt French customs."

"*Pardonnez moi*, Madame!—vere de Frenchman come in de republique he do as de republicans."

"We will discuss that question at another time," said Delilah, "for the present, dear Monsieur, adieu!"

The Count remonstrated vehemently in bad English, and with ludicrously passionate gesticulations. Delilah laughed merrily, adjusted her bonnet, and went home; flattering herself that she had sufficiently punished his impudence, by making him the ridiculous hero of a practical joke.

It was about six o'clock the same evening that a servant tapped at the door of Delilah's chamber, and delivered a message from her father, requiring her presence in the library. Shaking off her drowsiness, for she had just been indulging in a short nap, she hurried down to the library, where she found her father and mother, Doctor Moore, and her Aunt Marcia, assembled in solemn conclave. There was something in the profound silence of the group, and the awful gravity that sat upon their features, which filled her with an unpleasant foreboding, as she timidly enquired her father's will.

"Your folly, Delilah, has at length involved you in a serious difficulty," said the old man, in a tone of mingled sorrow and reproof.

"You would not heed my warnings," added Aunt Marcia, "and now you will feel the consequences!"

"I have been expecting it," chimed in her mother, "I have all along been in continual dread that she would bring some such punishment upon herself!"

"Countess Delilah de Laphinstank!" broke forth the Doctor, with sarcastic bitterness, "a pretty laughing-stock, truly, you have made of yourself for the rest of your days. You have saved me the trouble of giving you a homoeopathic dose in alopathic proportions—you have prepared yourself one that cannot fail to cure!"

"Why, what in the world can be the meaning of all this?" enquired Delilah, uncertain whether they were speaking in sober earnest, or had formed a little plot to terrify her.

"That foolish marriage ceremony," resumed her father.

"Was a very innocent joke," interrupted the daughter.

"I hope it may prove so," said the old man, shaking his head, gravely; "but at present it wears a very serious appearance."

"Ah, father!" exclaimed Delilah, throwing her arms around his neck, with a gay smile, "you are only trying to frighten me."

Her father bit his lip and knit his brow in the effort to keep up the sternness, which the caresses of his mischievous pet were fast dissipating; and disengaging her arms, referred her to her uncle for an explanation.

"You have carried a joke too far this time, niece," said the Doctor; "the Frenchman turned the tables on you. Under the pretence of changing his vest, it seems, he slipped down to the clerk's office and procured a license; the young man that officiated was a regularly ordained minister; the ceremony, although you went through it with such solemnity, was in due form, and as you are of age the marriage is perfectly valid. Your husband has already instituted legal proceedings to compel your father to give you up, and the case is to have a private hearing before Squire Playfair to-morrow."

"Oh, uncle, you are jesting, surely," said Delilah, the tears springing to her eyes.

"You judge others by yourself, niece; but I have spoken the truth seriously."

It would be impossible to describe the violence of the girl's grief, when convinced of the reality of the doctor's statement. Her parents, although they appeared to participate in her distress, made no effort to console her, nor held out any hope of escaping from the doom she had so inconsiderately brought upon herself. Their seeming lack of sympathy shocked her more than the difficulty itself; for she refused to believe that even the law could force her to live with a man whom she was sure she could never regard with other feelings than dislike and contempt. She relied, too, upon the strength of Walter Lake's affection, and felt confident that his arm, if none other would be found ready and all-powerful to rescue her from so melancholy a fate. Anxiously, and with streaming eyes, she watched for his coming, but when the hours waned and he came not as usual, fears and doubts began to gather in a sickening throng about her heart. She retired to her chamber at length, to weep away one portion of the night, and to pass the other in a slumber disturbed by dreadful visions.

The hour for the hearing of the case before the magistrate arrived the next morning and Delilah, in tears, accompanied by her father and uncle, entered the coach to drive to Squire Playfair's. The Count's counsel, with a few witnesses, were awaiting their arrival. There was one thing, however, that struck Delilah as strange. That while the Frenchman's cause had been entrusted to the hands of a lawyer, she was compelled to appear in person, and her friends had neglected entirely to provide legal aid. She expressed her mind to her uncle, and insisted that Walter Lake should be immediately sent for.

"It will be useless, my dear," returned the doctor; "he has long been exasperated by your relentless trifling, and the affair of yesterday determined his resentment."

An ashen pallor overspread the agitated girl's face; but it was quickly succeeded by a flush of indignation and murmuring; "he is cold-hearted and false!"—she turned to the magistrate, and with assumed calmness signified that she was ready for the proceedings. The case was quickly despatched. The license was exhibited, the testimony examined, and the marriage incontestibly proven to be valid. The magistrate without hesitation decided that the person of the wife must be delivered to the lawful husband. He then addressed a few words of mild admonition to the defendant, and concluded by recommending resignation to her lot, and expressing a hope that the severe trial might result ultimately in her own happiness and good.

The provoking coolness and indifference toward her feelings which she thought was displayed in the whole proceedings, by even her nearest and dearest relatives, aroused to the full Delilah's pride, enabling her to conceal, for the time, her harrowing emotion. The Count's counsel now stated that a feeling of delicacy and regard for the lady's feelings had restrained his client from appearing in person, but that a coach was waiting to convey her under his charge, to her future home. He also expressed a desire that one of the lady's relatives should accompany her. The doctor volunteered. Delilah took a constrained leave of her father, walked with a firm step to the carriage, and entered it with the dignified courage of a martyr. But as the vehicle rolled off, and the feeling came over her that she was leaving her early home, kindred and friends, to share the fortunes of a stranger, whom she could not help regarding as a madman and a brute, her affected composure forsook her, and drooping her head upon her uncle's shoulder, her agony broke forth in tears and sobs. The doctor strove to soothe her, by bringing to view the bright side of the picture. He dwelt upon the warm-heartedness and urbanity of the French character, the wealth and respectability of the Count; and expressed little doubt that she would soon become reconciled to her lot, and learn to love her eccentric lord. All his words were ineffectual, however, in mitigating her grief—she continued inconsolable.

The coach finally reached the place of destination, a beautiful country seat, some six or eight miles from the village, and Delilah, in a state of listless despair, suffered herself to be conducted into an elegantly furnished room, where her uncle placed her upon a sofa with her face buried in her hands, and left her, after an exhortation, to compose herself for the interview with her husband.

As she sat, reflecting upon her situation, she resolved to make an appeal to the generosity of the Count, to beg and entreat him to release her from her thoughtless vows; if that failed to affect resignation until the first chance of escape, and then go forth a wanderer, she knew not whither. In a few minutes the Frenchman entered. She did not look up, and he, seating himself by her side, said—

"*Bon jour, madame!*—I am ver' much delight dat you come."

At the sound of his execrable voice, Delilah could scarce suppress the feelings of passionate resistance to which she was tempted, and the word "monster!" involuntarily broke from her lips.

"Ah, madame, you pronounce de vord wrong; but I shall learn you to speak de French *plus parfaitement. Monsieur* is de proper."

A pause ensued. Delilah averted her head; and the Count very coolly commenced divesting himself of his wig, whiskers, moustache and green spectacles. This done, he laid his hand upon her arm, and dropping his assumed voice and dialect, said—

"Perhaps, Delilah, you may find me neither a Monsieur or a monster."

At the first tones of the altered voice, Delilah started from her seat, and ere he had finished the sentence, overpowered with joyous emotion, she had thrown herself, with a scream of delight, into the arms of her own loved Walter.

Half an hour afterwards, when Doctor Moore entered, he found his niece cheerfully laughing over all she had suffered.

"How does the Countess Delilah de Laphinstank like homoeopathic remedies in alopathic proportions now?" asked he, in a tone of affectionate raillery.

"It was a cruel jest, but perhaps I deserved it," replied the laughing bride; "at any rate, I am so happy in being so undeceived, that I cannot feel angry with the perpetrators."

Delilah became to Walter a cheerful, devoted and amiable wife, but from that day forth eschewed practical joking. She has, doubtless, by this time discovered that there are other and sufficient modes of amusing ourselves, and enjoying life, without sporting with the feelings or doing violence to the prejudices of our fellow beings.

Original Poem.

THE OLD YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Green fields for bonny May,
Bright skies for summer fair;
And a shining wreath of icicles,
For Winter's hoary hair.
A voice floats on the blast,
A wail goes up to Heaven;
As of a host with shield and helm,
And plume, to battle driven.

A dirge is on the midnight,
As of a band that mourn,
A prince in his pride and high renown,
To his place of slumber borne.
A dirge for the Old Year gone,
A pall for his rigid bier;—
For the joys he bought and the smiles he wrought
One, one regretting tear!

The rattling earth was bared,
And a marble form let down;
But his pale lip wore no smile of scorn,
His icy brow no frown;
The gray-haired sire drew nigh,
And gazed upon the form;
And he sadly thought, so *he* must lie,
Far down from the blast and the storm.

And the manly youth was there,
Of proud and noble mien;
But the young man turned from the spot away,
For he shook to gaze on the scene.
The maiden carelessly looked,
As she stood, on that pallid brow;
And as cold I ween, as that pallid brow,
Is the maid's that gazed on it, now.

And a warrior came and gazed,
But he silently stole away;
And he said I will die where the death-shafts fly,
And the blood-red banners play.
But the warrior's cheek grew pale,
And his fiery heart grew still;
And they laid him down with his helm and plume
In the death-halls damp and chill.

Avaunt! why thus we sorrow?
What gloom but hath its star,
To guide the wanderer o'er the waste,
To some safe port afar?
Where clearer fountains gush,
And milder breezes play?
Where friendlier stars light up the night,
And brighter suns the day.

A voice is on the midnight,
Pouring a welcome strain,
From the sunny Isles with their wreath of bloom,
That dot the Indian Main;
From Greenland's wastes of gloom,
And frowning Labrador;
Where e'er the joyous sound hath flown—
From bleak or palmy shore.

It hath shone—the lamp of Truth,
O'er regions far or near,
From the tangled shades of the Caffre's home,
To Arctic desert drear.
It hath crossed the fiery main,
To the lands of black despair;
And Earth hath smiled where its ray hath been—
It hath left a glory there.

Then hail to the newborn Year!
He cometh in pride and power;
With his stormy train he hath come in state,
And his pinions that darkly lower;
A smile to meet his smile,
A firm front to his frown;
But a solemn sigh for the Old Year gone
That hath passed to his slumbers down.

A BRILLIANT SCENE.—The Rhinanthera Coccinea is the name of a flower, described by writers as a most beautiful one. It is to be found in the greatest perfection in the woods of Cochin China, where, if the accounts of travellers are correct, it makes the most splendid appearance. It is represented as not only rising to the tops of the highest trees, but as rising over them; and it so interlaces and festoons them, that the whole forest is hidden. When in flower, the whole is one mass of crimson and gold, of so intense color that the eye can hardly bear to look upon it—and the scent is as fragrant and refreshing as the colors are brilliant! A forest garnished with many of these vines must outvie in brilliancy and beauty the sober charms of a New England forest in October.

JANE SHORE.—Sir Thomas Moore states, that in the reign of Henry VIII., forty years after Jane Shore's punishment was inflicted, "he had frequently seen her gathering herbs in a field near the city, for her nightly repast. She was then extremely old, without one trace of her former beauty."

New Sea Sketch.

THE HAVANA SHARK.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

The harbor of Havana, on the north side of the island of Cuba, is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world. The entrance is narrow, hardly allowing more than two vessels to pass at the same time; but within, it becomes more spacious, and beyond that portion of the city, where are located the quay and the landing place, it expands into a beautiful bay of some two or three miles in diameter—constituting a noble and safe anchorage for vessels of the largest size. The harbor is defended by fortifications of great extent, constructed at an enormous expense, and at all times well garrisoned. The Moro Castle, the frowning battlements of which look down upon the vessels as they enter or leave the harbor, is a fortification of such great strength as to be regarded as impregnable from the sea. It is situated on a craggy limestone cliff, and effectually commands the passage. It is here that the lighthouse is situated, which can be seen at a considerable distance in the offing. The view, ever-changing, new and strange, which is presented to the eye of the stranger on entering the port, is deeply interesting, and well calculated to excite his admiration.

The waters abound with fish of various kinds, which may be seen in the night, as they sport, or seek their prey near the surface of the water, leaving behind them a sparkling and golden track; but the natives of that city are too indolent or unskillful to take them, and Havana is supplied with fresh fish by the industry of the Yankees, who bring them over in fishing smacks from the Tortugas Banks, or the Florida Reefs, and realise a handsome profit by their enterprise. We have heard that sharks are sometimes seen in the harbor, but although I have often visited that place, I never saw one. There is no apparent reason, however, why they should not delight to enter the harbor, and prowl about among the shipping, and pick up a stray piece of beef, or a tough old sailor, if they should happen to fall in their way. But to my story.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago,—we were never an adept at dates,—the ship Cassandra, of Salem, entered the harbor of Havana, dropped her anchor, and in a few hours was snugly moored, under the direction of "Old John," the assistant Harbor Master. The next morning, that important functionary, the cook—a remarkably dark-complexioned gentleman, by the way,—named Cuffy, approached the chief mate, in a state of great perturbation, his cheeks blue with astonishment, and his eyes as big as saucers. He held in one hand a piece of a rope, and with the other pointed to the end of it, which bore the mark of having been recently submitted to the action of a sharp knife.

"Massa Mate!" said Cuffy, in tremulous voice, "is there any sharks in Havana?"

"Sharks!" exclaimed that officer, whose name was Conroy, "I don't know; I suppose so, of course. What do you ask that for, Cuffy?"

"Why, Massa, look here a minute. Last night I took a good large piece of salt junk from the harness cask, tied this strong rope round em, with a timber hitch, well jammed, and threw em over the bows to freshen. Jus now I go get em and put em in the copper, and I no find em. Shark, I suppose, bite off the rope, all same as cut it with a knife. See here, Massa!"

"Ah," said Mr. Conroy, after examining the rope, "this matter must be looked to. The fellow who bit off that rope had sharp teeth and long ones too. It is not pleasant to have such a voracious monster cruising around the ship seeking whom he may devour. He would make nothing of taking off a man's leg or an arm, if an opportunity offered. We must try to catch the rascal and teach him better manners."

In the course of the day, Mr. Conroy mustered the harpoon and caused it to be ground. He attached to it a few fathoms of rattling stuff, and placed it on the forecastle. At night he told Cuffy to get another piece of beef, and throw it over the bows to freshen, which was done by the grinning cook, who viewed with delight the preparations making for capturing the sea robber.

When the watch was set, at eight bells, Mr. Conroy charged the men to keep a good look out in their watch for the beef, and if they should see any large fish approaching, or swimming around the ship, during the night, to give him a call.

Now, everybody who has been in Havana, knows that the water in that harbor is remarkably luminous—and any object swimming in the water, even if the night is quite dark, may be seen at a considerable distance—as it moves along, a luminous phosphorescent wake is left behind, resembling the tail of a comet.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, when the man who had the watch, abruptly entered the mate's state room, and informed Mr. Conroy that a large fish appeared to be slowly approaching the bows of the ship.

"Ah, ha!" said the mate, "that must be Mr. Shark, coming for his breakfast, without doubt. But I'll give him a meal which he will find it difficult to digest!" and he sprung from his berth, and in half a minute was looking over the bows in the direction indicated by the vigilant watch.

He saw a large fish, moving gently along on the very surface of the water, and gradually approaching the ship on the starboard bow, near the precise spot from which the piece of salt junk was suspended.

Mr. Conroy grasped the harpoon, as a well-tried knight in days of old would grasp his lance in a deadly encounter, and looking over the cat-head, he kept his eye fixed upon the sparkling and luminous body approaching. "A little nearer," he muttered to himself, "a little nearer, Don Whiskerando, and then —— He is a noble fellow—nine feet in length, if he's an inch, and would take off a man's leg quicker and cleaner than a hospital surgeon. I'm sure of him now. One fathom nearer, and I'll drive the iron right through his back."

And this was was no empty vaunt—for Conroy was a stalwart fellow, with the limbs and muscles of a gladiator, and could throw the harpoon or grainse with unerring precision.

The uncautious object of his warfare had now approached within the desired distance, and his snout was within half a fathom of the beef, when Conroy, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, "Now for it!" drove the harpoon, with fatal accuracy and tremendous force, into the living object beneath him.

"Haul in, Jack!" shouted he to the watch on deck, as the instrument left his hands, "*I've got him fast!*"

But what was his astonishment, what was his horror, to hear from the depth of the waters, as the harpoon sought its victim, a shriek, a yell, loud and thrilling, as if giving utterance in a moment to an age of agony! The shriek ended abruptly in a guttural, stifling sound, as if it was the [illegible]sor and companion of *death!*

For a moment, Conroy was paralized with fear and wonder, but his presence of mind seldom forsook him, and he quickly adopted a decided course of action. He drew forth his jack knife and severed the rope which was attached to the harpoon! He bade the only witness to the singular transaction, an honest old tar, to be silent as a mummy. He then walked slowly aft and went below.

On that day there was much conjecture afloat among the crews of the ships, in relation to the terrible shriek which was heard all over the harbor and by many people on the shore; but nothing satisfactory was elicited. Some regarded it as proof that some horrible crime had been committed, while others supposed it was a supernatural visitation, ominous of some terrible disaster. The problem, however, was solved a few days after, when the body of a swarthy Spaniard, naked, was found floating on the water, with a death-dealing harpoon sticking in his vitals!

The affair made a great noise in Havana at the time, and is doubtless well remembered by the old traders and residents. A reward was offered by Vives, the Governor General, for the apprehension of the murderer, or for any information which would tend to elucidate the horrid mystery. But as Mr. Conroy and Jack kept their own counsel, the authorities were unable to ascertain the facts of the case.

A Practical Story.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR JAN. 1846.

A PRESCRIPTION.

BY EDGAR WAYNE, M. D.

I.

OF HARRY HILLIARD.

Harry Hilliard was one of a thousand. He had a good report, not only of those that were without, but of those that were within his father's household. Of the former the poor declared him the best of friends; the old pronounced him the most considerate of young men; the rich submitted their plans and purchases to his judgment; the young sought his agreeable society and sparkling conversation. The serious admitted that such cheerfulness as Harry's was so far from being reprehensible that it was a model for those who would adorn their walk and conversation; and the gay quoted his example to show that a young man may be witty and accomplished, nay, a little erratic upon proper occasions, and still keep himself, like the Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur, et sans reproche.*" Men admired his manly sense, women idolized his exquisite perception of the poetical and beautiful. Children pursued him as if he had been but a bundle of animate confections;—and here, by the way, is a chance for a very proper remark in parenthesis, by one who is no chicken, and whose memory runs back through more than one generation of youngsters, who have risen to call his early play-mates *pere* and *mere*—

All folly, thine incomparable oil, Macassar!—

There is no balm in Columbia for grey hairs! But to our remark. It is merely to caution the ladies that though a man have all accomplishments, if he have no love and charity for children, he is a bad subject. Distrust him—unless you would have your own children (and his) the objects of his incessant torment. Well, Harry was wealthy, also. He was a dutiful son—and affectionate brother, and everybody said he would make an excellent husband. *But.* We will save what this but blazes upon for the last paragraph.

II.

OF HARRY HILLIARD'S GERALDINE.

Geraldine was pretty—of course. But every body (of course, again,) did not concede that. Sometimes a blonde will praise a brunette, and vice versa, because either may admit that the other is beautiful in her style, while the speaker reserves to herself the pre-eminence in her own. Oftener, however, praise of one woman is disparage of others by comparison, and we cannot, therefore, desire or expect that ladies, however courteous and impartial they may be, will elevate rivals at their own expense—especially dangerous rivals. Therefore it was that everybody did not admit Geraldine's beauty. Harry, however, saw and worshipped, not only what graces and excellences she really possessed, but loved like he imagined many more, and blemishes were converted in his eyes into beauties or "agreeable oddities." Harry in the first paragraph cautioned the ladies, there is no harm in the second in warning the gentlemen. Analyze those same agreeable oddities wherever your happiness is concerned, before the fiat of ordering fealty compels you to shoulder them "for better for worse." Like the clown in Joe Miller, you may find them so much worse than you took them for, that the "agreeable oddities" of the honey-moon and moons precedent, will be rendered in your after life humdrum vernacular, into "disagreeable impertinences." Now because all did not consider Geraldine perfect, that did discompose our hero. Men and women has ever an expert way of getting over serious difficulties in this sort of affairs. If love were not [illegible] the single blessed would soon be so far in the [ma]jority as to vote a penal statute against marriage. Geraldine was better than the multitude of the half of creation; and though she was not without faults, she was freer from them than many [illegible], with whom her husband lives happily. Fellowship has not half the mysteries that the matrimonial life requires a knowledge of. G[eral]dine was good tempered—equable—affectionate, a correct tone of mind, and morals not forgetting the minor morals. In heart she was a true w[oman]. As the women phrase it (the young ones at le[ast]) she was altogether of a nature to love her h[usband] to *distraction*. That sort of affection happens seldom, and very literally.

III.

OF THE TWAIN, BECOME ONE FLESH.

The bride—for weeks enough had not passed to permit that euphemism to grow into the homely frank bluntness of the plainer word, wife—sat in her lonely bower—for boudoir is not the same thing in two unpoetical syllables. Hers were all the symptoms of "hope deferred" in manner and attire. She wore an evening dress evidently elaborated for some special and immediate occasion; even to the carriage articles which [illegible] to protect her person and embellishments in transit from her own house to that of the friend [who] was to be "at home" that evening, to Mr. and [Mrs.] Hilliard and some hundreds of others. Geraldine had long been ready and the hour had passed at which the very highest of the haut ton [could] show its disrespect for its hostess, by the fashionable impertinence of tardiness. And in the dining [room,] if you peeped in there, you would see a grate supporting, beside the fire, a cover from the table of hours ago, while preparations for tea, in all the stately gloom of [illegible], [illegible] table, like two successive [illegible] Harry Hilliard's neglected domestic devotion. [If you] can show me a woman who would not, under circumstances be as markedly crabbed as the Solomon Smith himself, I will show one [who is] either a great deal less than a woman, being [with]out her household virtues, or a great deal more [than] mortal, having an angel's patience.

IV.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAID.

Every couple, when first married, become town-talk—the town meaning [illegible] that [illegible] it, whose members [illegible]. All matters pertinent to the newly married, and matters impertinent are said of them and to them [illegible] the whole, however, it is generally a very ha[rmless] and meaningless tempest of small talk, in [which] pleasant breezes predominate. After this comes a calm uninterrupted, unless there occur in the marriage experience of the pair circumstances out of the ordinary routine, on w[hich] Mrs. Grundy can hang her tropes, figures, and reflections—some unexplainable things, giving rise to dire imaginings, awful forebodings and very melancholy sighs of sympathy. In the case of our friends, Mrs. Grundy and company, some began to have troublesome surmises. Such things *thought*, were, of necessity *spoken*, for the case is not on record in which the imagination and the utterance of scandal were not instantaneously contemporaneous. All the clique were at first *afraid* that Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard were not happy together. Then they proceeded to pronounce their fears *too well grounded*, and at last to state the circumstance as an actual and admitted *fact*. This threshold crossed, all future difficulty in the premises was removed. All the Mesdames Candors were full of talk. All the young people who envied Harry or his wife before or at marriage—all who disliked them or their set for any earthly reason, or for no reason at all—everybody who took pleasure in malicious gossip—all who liked chit-chat—the spitefully thoughtful and the giddily loquacious, by words, deeds, shrugs, direct statements, blind innuendoes, "I told you so," and "I expected it," gave wind and currency to terrible tales of the miserable life of the Hilliards. The women said *he* was a deceived and unfortunate man. The men declared *she* was an abused and neglected woman. Each young lady thought "if, as he should, he had only married me!" Every young gentleman supposed the case, "if, as she might, she would but have preferred a man worth her while!" And Mrs. Grundy did not scruple to say, that she had good reason to know that Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard had been each heard to admit that if they had not married each other, each might have—married somebody else! Seriously and soberly, it must be admitted, that neither had found quite the anticipated paradise. What was the matter?

V.

WHAT A TRUE FRIEND DID.

Amid all this buzz of detraction, which had risen to such a pitch that the unlucky wedded were in a rapid way to become compelled to hate each other, by the mere force of ill judged, and sometimes malicious commisseration, there was found one true and sensible friend of both husband and wife. He knew both intimately, and was astonished to perceive that things had reached such a pass as common fame trumpeted, and the carriage of the subjects of the scandal too well confirmed. He saw that the fiend indifference was creeping in to cool their intercourse, and that when this state of mind was varied, the variety came near—very near—to what must in plain terms be designated a quarrel. But this latter symptom was far from being considered by him a dangerous feature in the diagnosis of the disease, which, he studied as a skilful moral physician. He knew that anger, like an acute inflammation, is easier to treat than indifference, which is a chronic debility of affection. He examined his patients separately and together, without betraying his purpose, giving any hint that he knew or suspected all was not right, or permitting either to make him a set and formal confidant in the dilemma. He wanted to observe the *normal* movement of their respective pulses, not the *abnormal* or unnatural excitement which is always sure to arise in regular down-sittings to talk up domestic grievances. He discovered the first cause of the disease, and gave a prescription which, removing that, carried away all the other disagreeables and put Mrs. Grundy to her wit's end to discover how two people who *had* quarrelled so *could* live so happy together. But, as a rule of general application, given to the public without fee or reward, we reserve it for another paragraph.

VI.

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.

Never keep your husband's breakfast, nor your wife's dinner waiting.

Romantic Story.

THE WHITE WEASLE.

In the reign of George III., there lived a boy in London, who was born in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the name of Curtiss. He was an orphan child at the age of ten years—destitute—not a penny in the world. The question was with him, although young, what shall I do? He resolved that he would run of errands for any one who

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the Union, and equal to the best in Europe, was commenced to furnish his exquisite productions; and RAWDON, WRIGHT & HATCH, SMILLIE & HINSHELWOOD, and others, of New York, CHEENEY, DODSON, WELCH & WALTERS, TUCKER, and others, of Philadelphia, all among the most eminent Line Engravers of the present century, have been engaged to furnish a succession of highly finished steel engravings, superior to any that have hitherto appeared in periodicals.

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New-Year's Poem.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JAN., 1846.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

I was on a visit, not long since, to a friend of mine, who still in the unimpaired maturity of life, is surrounded by grown and growing children. Her summer residence is in the neighborhood of a thickly populated village, and being a "most gracious ladye," she is sometimes rather over visited by her social neighbors. We had one of those occurrences, which in June, give such an out-door freshness and fragrance and always an in-door sweet security—a rainy day. Days of rural dissipation, of rides, drives, walks and pic-nics had preceded it, and an immense batch of sewing had accumulated in my friend's work-basket. She called us all about her, and gave to each one an appropriate task. I took a pile of stockings, whose "windowed raggedness" was to me a storied record of our scrambles through the rocky beds of brooks and up the tangled mountain sides. On Clara devolved the task of "hook and eyeing," as she called it, and little Lilly was to replace the missing strings.

"You are good for nothing at the needle, Anne," said her mother.

"Least in mamma's kingdom of heaven," interposed Anne Reyburn, with an arch smile.

The mother returned a smile, as she said, "You don't deserve for that, the pleasure I had allotted to you; but it does not signify—people seldom get their deserts in this world; so, Miss Anne, you may read to us while we work. There is Boswell's Johnson, on the table—a delightful book for social reading. Open it where you may, you cannot fail to fall on something agreeable."

We were soon arranged for our morning's business, and a lovelier household group than the mother and her girls, I have seldom seen. That compendious and trite description of matrons, "fair, fat and forty," might be applied to my friend, but in her case the fortunate physical circumstances were symbols of moral wealth and beauty. That "fair and fat" indicated health produced by a wise simplicity of living, by the most beneficent disposition and the sweetest serenity of temper; and the "forty" was forty years of sunshine with only just so much of clouds as is necessary to keep frail human virtue alive and vigorous. Mrs. Reyburn sat, generously filling her commodious sewing-chair, with her huge work-basket on the table before her. Anne gracefully lounged on the sofa with her book; and the younger girls, their faces "bright with thoughtless smiles," sat on their low chair with their pretty work-boxes and sewing implements beside them. The door opened into the garden, fresh and flowery in its young June beauty; the rain pattered musically on the door-step, and the sweet briar, honeysuckle and mignonette sent in to us their exquisite odors. When the sky brightened for a moment the robins swelled their throats; but the clouds dropping down the distant mountain's side insured the continuance of the morning's rain, and we began our business with that placid contentment which comes of having no thought, project, temptation or desire beyond the present moment.

Anne Reyburn was just nineteen. Hardly any one saw her for the first time without exclaiming, "how like her mother!" and to a slight observation there was but little difference but that of age—in the daughter, the fervid and startling charm of the morning—in the mother, the more subdued beauty of the advancing day; but on a study, Anne revealed feelings of greater depth than her mother's, and a more impulsive gush, liable too to find their way in more uncertain and more devious channels—a character better fitted to modify circumstances than to be modified by them.

My friend influenced the formation of her children's characters rather by the atmosphere of affection and kindness with which she surrounded herself, than by any direct bearing of authority upon them. This is an admirable and sufficient agent with gentle and pliable materials. Anne has one of those strong characters that must do for itself the hardest work of education, the training of feeling, the subduing of passion, the maturing of reason must for itself fight the battle of life.

I am tempted to draw Anne's character, which is curious enough in these days of task-work-education and regular training, (dwarfing she calls it,) but her portrait, in all its unframed luxuriance, would fill more than the space we have now assigned to other matter, so we leave her to be guessed at by a few glimpses of her heart through her words.

She began to read to us, but she read rather dreamily. Her poetic eyes often wandered to the mist floating over the mountains, and finally coming upon Dr. Johnson's saying, that he believed marriages would be full as happy as they are if matches were made by the lord chancellor, she threw down the volume, saying, "What a detestable old goose he is! What did he know about happy marriages?"

"Doctor Johnson an old goose!" said one of the little younger girls; "well, Anne, I wonder what discovery you will make next!"

"I dare say, Clara, you would like a husband of the chancellor's choosing, and would take him with a 'thank you, sir!' and 'if you like him, sir, I am sure I shall.' Now, heaven save me even from our dear chancellor, M——'s, choosing a husband for me!"

"And yet, Anne," said her mother, "I am not sure that you would not in the end be happier with a husband of any wise man's selection than with one of your own choosing."

"I don't care about the 'end,' mamma; I wish to be happy in the beginning."

A light laugh, which Anne felt to be against her, ran round the circle. She waited till it was past, and then said, very earnestly, "You may all laugh, but is there one of you—from Miss —— down to Lilly, that would not think it a disgrace to marry any man but him of your own heart's election?"

"Certainly not, Anne," replied her mother, "but you, my dear child, I presume, would have that election decided by love alone."

"Assuredly, for that alone influences the heart. Reason and judgment, which weigh heavily in the lord chancellor's balance, are not of a feather's weight in the heart's scale."

"But utterly worthless as reason and judgment are in themselves, Anne," said Mrs. Reyburn, with a grave smile, "may they not be allowed to sanction or influence, or even to decide an insufficient love?"

"No, no—oh, no, mamma! An insufficient love is no love at all; is good for nothing. The man that I marry I must love with a love that doubts nothing, fears nothing, hopes all things and believes all things. The whole world's favor would not advance him one jot in my affection, nor its disfavor throw one shade over him."

"The 'whole world!' That is talking in very general terms; but suppose a case. If you had a lover whom you liked extremely but did not love, according to your extravagant notions of love"——

"Extravagant, mamma!"

"Do not interrupt me, Anne. Suppose that your father and I approved him; would choose him from all the world for you; that your brothers were his warm friends; that the children loved him"——

"You need not suppose anything more mamma. It would not all have the slightest influence on me—it could not. Love comes and goes whither it will. If reasons were as thick as blackberries they could not create love; and marriage is disgraceful without love—that

'Most sacred fire, that burneth mightily
In living breasts.'"

"I grant you, Anne; but remember that same poetic oracle whom you have quoted, also says—

'Wonder it is to see in diverse minds,
How diversely love doth his pageants play
And shows his power in variable kinds.'

"Now I believe that an affection far short of—or rather far different from what you would call love—may make the basis of the happiest marriage. Do not you?" said my friend, appealing to me, and trusting that as her cotemporary I had arrived at her more sober point of view.

I confess my sympathies were with the daughter; but I compromised between the opposing parties so far as to say, that I deemed love without reason perilous, reason without love inadmissible; and the only sure basis, love sanctioned by reason.

Mrs. Reyburn admitted that in theory I was right, but she contended that there were many modifications and aspects of love; that characters were so various, and that life was so different in reality from what youth pictured it; that she had seen so many different loves that "hoped all things and believed all things" wrecked in the first year of marriage; that, for her part, she would rather her girls would trust to a more rational and calmer sentiment than that which made the inspiration of poetry and the basis of romance.

"I will tell you a true story, girls," she said; "a 'love-story,' I call it. Perhaps it will rectify some of your opinions. My heroine was a friend of Miss ———'s as well as of mine. She knew as well as I, the parties and circumstances, as will vouch for their truth, though indeed there is nothing in them so incredible as to require a voucher.

"A Mr Ewing, the friend of our parents, died immediately after some reverses in his business, and left his wife with a large young family, and an impaired fortune. Mrs. Ewing took a small house, and let her two best rooms to a single gentleman who boarded with her and paid her liberally—Mr. John Sheafe. He was a singular man this Mr. John Sheafe, but his singularities were graceful and pleasing. He was about thirty when he first took possession of his rooms. Dear Mrs. Ewing! she used to say he gave her no more trouble than a kitten, and yet he had his particularities. Though his rooms were furnished with every convenience and elegance, he did not scruple to let in all the little Ewings—a perfect menagerie of wild young things they were—and they might wrap themselves in the bed-clothes, pull down the curtains, pile up the chairs, rattle down the shovel and tongs, any thing but touch his pictures and books, and the little sinners, like their unhappy progenitors, were very apt to seize on the forbidden things, and then they were driven forth from their paradise and the doors shut upon them. Sheafe would try his best to look like a thunder-storm, but the sun always shone through the clouds, and the little wretches were weather-wise enough to know that no storm could gather there, and though Sheafe had told them they never should enter his room again, and Mrs. Ewing with her sternest face, (poor Mrs. Ewing! it was as difficult for her as for her lodger to counterfeit wrath,) assured them Mr. Sheafe was very angry 'indeed,' before twenty fours passed away they had one by one stolen in, and were as lawless and uproarious and as welcome as ever. Sheafe had one peculiarity that puzzled Mrs. Ewing to the day of her death. Though of a spirit so social, that in every relation in life he felt and made felt what has been happily called fellow-being-ism, he had an aversion to being included in social arrangements. He prized above every thing else his individual independence, and when Mrs. Ewing would say, 'Mr. Sheafe, our friends so and so, are going to have a pic-nic on Staten Island,' or 'are going to Long Island,' or wherever the party of pleasure might be, 'and I have promised you will join us'—or 'we are going to have such a pleasant little party this evening, all your friends—do come home,' he invariably replied 'no—don't count on me—it is not probable I can be there'—or 'be here,' and finally perhaps at the very moment they began to recover from their disappointment of his not being with them, he appeared among them, the very soul of all their pleasures."

"Mamma," interrupted Clara Reyburn, "you said you were going to tell a love story!"

"So I am, my dear, and I am just introducing you to one of the parties."

"That Mr. Sheafe, mamma? Why you said he was thirty years old!"

"Yes, Clara, and he was thirty five, before I come to the love part of my story."

"Oh horrid, mamma!"

Mrs. Reyburn proceeded:

"Mr. Sheafe was not rich, but he had an easy fortune and few wants, and he continued to let it fall, like the quiet and plentiful dews of heaven, on the right and on the left. There was no burden in his favors. For five years he managed to make Mrs. Ewing live in a house rent free, of which he said he had taken a lease for a bad debt, that he had long ago given up as hopeless. He kept a servant and secretly paid him double wages for doing Mrs. Ewing's work. He had always some poor friend in the shape of a French dancing or music-master that he wanted to give a little money to, and Mrs. Ewing would particularly oblige him if she would allow the children to take lessons of them, as he did not like to ask them to take money without an equivalent. This was something like reversing the old adage of 'killing two birds with one stone.'

You will easily perceive that such a man, in the course of four or five years, would so involve himself with the concerns of a family, as to become indispensable to their happiness. In this five years Catharine or Kate Ewing, as we used to call her, had passed from the awkward age of her fourteenth to her nineteenth year."

"Oh, now the love story is coming," cried Clara Reyburn.

"And reason versus love, said Anne.

Her mother smiled and went on—

"Kate was a light-hearted, happy-tempered young creature. She had been from the beginning a prime favorite of Sheafe's but for the last two or three years he had appeared rather more reserved toward her. While she was a child he was unlimited in his beneficence to her. Her room was filled with his gifts, books and pictures. All her books—the prettiest of rose-wood book-cases—all were his gifts. All her expensive masters had been employed by him. Now he ceased to be her open benefactor, some good earthly providence seemed still watching over her, and showering favors upon her. If a new book worth buying appeared, she was the first to possess it, and never had she occasion for a bouquet but a bouquet of the choicest flowers appeared at the door. Kate was not very far sighted in such matters. She did not see why if Mr. Sheafe continued to give, he could not give openly as he had always done. Her simple hearted mother was easily eluded.

"'I know very well, Mr. Sheafe,' she said, soon after these anonymous gifts began, 'where Kate's presents come from. I may thank the giver if she cannot.'

"Mr. Sheafe looked grave and displeased. A rare look for him for of all the men I ever knew he was the most cheerful, the most joyous, as he had a right to be, for he was the best. He said, 'I perceive you mean your thanks for me, Mrs. Ewing. You are wasting them; whoever the giver of these trifles to Kate may be, he should be allowed the secrecy he chooses.'

"'Well, I assure you,' replied Mrs. Ewing, completely baffled, 'I have not the smallest notion who it is. I never once thought of any one but you. To be sure I ought to have remembered that you never in years past made any secret of your gifts.' A smile that in spite of him, played over Mr. Sheafe's lips and a blush that deepened his rather deep colored cheek, would have told the truth to a more suspicious person than dear Mrs. Ewing. But she, as you know, Miss ———, always took the sense that met the ear."

"But, mamma," interrupted Anne Reyburn, "I trust Mr. Sheafe was not a rosy bachelor. I can imagine a girl of Miss Ewing's age falling desperately in love with a man, even if he were forty, if he were tall, with a pale, marble complexion, and fine large dark eyes and plenty of black hair."

"Oh Anne, my dear," replied her mother, laughing, "nothing can be more unlike your possible lover than my real one. Mr. Sheafe was not above the middle stature; a little inclined to the rotund and the ruddy; and as to his hair, once, alas! of the softest, lightest brown, it had retreated so far from his forehead that he wore——"

"Oh, not a scratch, mamma; don't say he wore a scratch!"

"Not quite a scratch, Anne, but a small nicely fitted patch to hide the ravages of time. Plenty of black hair indeed! You will hardly find that on a man's head of thirty-five from Maine to Georgia."

"But a patch, mamma! Baldness is better than that. My father's head now is beautiful; rather bald, to be sure, but the little hair that he has, is soft, bright, and curly."

"Oh, father's head is lovely!" cried Clara Reyburn!

"Oh, yes, I guess it is!" exclaimed in chorus half a dozen young voices.

Mrs. Reyburn and I exchanged smiles, she proceeded—

"Even the patch, Anne, did not conceal or deform the fine classic shape of his head, which with its moral and intellectual developments would have charmed a phrenologist. I am sure no large dark eye ever so expressed, as his beaming gray one did, the kindling and discharging of feeling. His lips between humor, kindness, tenderness and sympathy, were always in a sort of graceful movement, and in short, though he had none of your requisites of beauty, he was the most agreeable looking man I ever saw."

"Agreeable looking! Well, was Miss Kate Ewing *agreeable* looking too?"

Till now I had listened to what was to me an old story with as much interest as the young people, but now I interposed; and with enthusiasm, at the recollection of my charming cotemporary, I described her in terms that made all my young hearers exclaim:

"Oh, she must have been beautiful, and so interesting."

And Clara Reyburn said—

"I hope that '*old* bachelor' didn't dare to fall in love with her?"

"Not, perhaps, what you would quite call falling in love," resumed her mother, "but the love he felt for her as a child, grew sensibly into a strange sentiment, and one bright day he was suddenly betrayed into a disclosure for which Kate was totally unprepared. She burst into tears, and frankly told him she had never thought of him as a lover, and never could; but that she loved him so dearly she would rather have died than told him so. A total change came over him—in place of his perpetual good humor and sunny cheerfulness, an immovable gravity and occasional melancholy. Poor Mrs. Ewing could not divine what it meant. She first thought his affairs must be embarrassed, and then she fancied it was an incipient fever, and begged him to take advice. She told him all the house would be wretched, if any evil overtook him, and called his observation to Kate, who, she said, had not smiled for a week. He made no reply to her, but the next morning she was astonished by the information that he was going abroad, and that he and his servant were packing up his furniture to be removed to a place of storage.

"It was a wretched day at the Ewings. Poor Mrs. Ewing walked up and down her room, wringing her hands and wiping her eyes, and wondering (till Kate wished herself deaf that she might not hear) what could have happened to Mr. Sheafe. Kate went to her worsted work, but her eyes were so blinded with tears, that she could not see it; she took up a book, but she did not know whether she read backward or forward. She sat down to her piano and played so false, that even Mr. Sheafe heard and noted it.

"Mrs. Ewing saw the carpenters bringing in empty boxes.

"'Dear me,' she said; 'it seems just as if a coffin was coming into the house.'

"'Oh,' thought Kate, in the impatience of her first misery, 'I wish it were me, and that I were to be carried away dead in it!'

"'Ma'am!' said the chambermaid, rushing in, 'you never saw such an awful change as there is in Mr. Sheafe's room: it's day changed into night—it's as solitary as the tomb.'

"'Is he gone, Jane,' said Kate, starting up.

"'Oh no, Miss—Lord how pale you look—but dismal like a tomb, I mean. The wardrobe is emptied—the books are all in boxes—the pictures, every one of them, even that pretty likeness of Mr. Sheafe that a body can never look at without feeling that he is just going to speak something pleasant—that is in a box, and it looked up at me somehow sorrowful, it did ma'am; and his dressing gown, that always hung there—always with the red cords and tassels hanging down by the bed-post, so lively and like Mr. Sheafe, that is packed up too.'

"'Jane, do go away,' said Kate, petulantly; 'you make my head ache.'

"'Why, Miss Kate!' said Jane, and as she shut the door after her, she murmured to herself, 'her heart ache more like, and its good enough for her, for I know she is at the bottom of it.'

"A few moments after, in flounced Sophy, the cook, and after turning her eye from Mrs. Ewing to her daughter, 'It's true, ma'am,' she said; 'I see it's true; I could not believe Jane. Well, how things does turn topsy-turvy in this world. I shall have to go too. I can't stand it. He never kept the dinner waiting, and never came too soon, and fretted for it. Who'll regulate the clock, now? I shall never take no more satisfaction in roasting a goose. He always said I did it to a turn.' The tears actually rolled over her round, black cheeks. She continued: 'With most every body, the scum will rise sometimes, but he's as clear as spring water. He knows what is what, Mr. Sheafe does. He says I'm the only one short of old England that can cook a Christian beef-steak, and he always has something funny to say. Oh, he's sugar and spice too!'

"A poor humble widow, who served the house from her thread and needle basket, opened the door gently at this moment, and asked

"'Is it true, ma'am? is Mr. Sheafe going?'

"'Yes.'

"'The Lord have mercy then on the poor.'

"Every new voice brought forth a fresh shower of tears from Mrs. Ewing. While matters were at this point, the door was opened a crack, and Mr. Sheafe said in a broken voice, 'I am going out for an hour; when the carpenter calls, Mrs. Ewing, be kind enough to tell him the boxes are ready to nail up.'

"Half an hour after, when the carpenter did call, Kate sprang up and said, 'I will speak to him, mamma.' An hour or two more passed away, when Mr. Sheafe came in. He had a pass key to the street door, and as he opened it and shut it very gently, no one was apprized of his entrance.

"Of all the men I ever knew, he had the greatest repugnance to scenes. He dreaded dear Mrs. Ewing's ingenuous demonstrations, so he stole stealthily up the back stairs, and first entered his lodging room. The door communicating with his parlor was wide open, and through it he saw his books were replaced in his book case; he advanced a little farther, the pictures were re-hung in their places—a little farther still, and he saw Kate Ewing standing on a chair before his picture which she had that moment replaced, and he heard her say,

"'Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe—never, never shall you leave this house if I can help it.'"

My friend paused. Smiles were on her lips and tears in her eyes. It could no longer be concealed that she was the heroine of her own story. I looked round upon her children. Surprise and discovery were flashing from Anne Reyburn's bright eyes.

The younger girls cried, "Go on, go on, mamma," and "what did Mr. Sheafe say?" and, "what could Miss Kate say?"

"I do not remember, my dear children. It was one of those rich moments of life when much more is felt than said; but this I know very well, that from that time to this, I have never repented the repentance of that morning——"

My friend was interrupted by the entrance of her husband. He had been into the village and brought home a basket of fruit and flowers which he threw among the children. His face had that expression of beaming, paternal happiness, which came from the consciousness that his footsteps once over his threshold, was the welcomest sound ever heard there.

I think there was a slight struggle in Anne Reyburn's bosom, as there will be when old ideas are giving place to new ones, but it was soon over. A joyous light flashed from her soul as her eye fell on her father, and kissing her mother, she said, in a subdued voice, "Nobody but yourself, mamma, would have made me believe that your was not a love-match in the beginning as it is in the end. Well, well, I have had many a dream of love; if I ever have such a reality as yours, I shall be quite content."

The light just dawned on Clara. "Why, Anne!" she exclaimed; "Goodness, mamma! Mr. Sheafe, indeed! Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe! If you had shabbed him, mamma, I never would have forgiven you!"

A pretty family scene followed; a chorus of exclamations, a few tears, many questions, some jokes on the discarded patch, and a ringing of laughing voices——but here the curtain falls.

Choice Poem.

BONES IN THE DESERT.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Where pilgrims seek the Prophet's tomb
Across the Arabian waste,
Upon the ever shifting sands,
A fearful path is traced.

Far up to the horizon's verge,
The traveller sees it rise,
A line of ghastly bones that bleach
Beneath those burning skies.

Across it, tempest and simoon
The desert sands have strewed,
But still that line of spectral white
Forever is renewed.

For while along that burning track
The caravan moves on,
Still do the way-worn pilgrims fall,
Ere yet the shrine be won.

Then the tired camel lays him down
And shuts his gentle eyes,
And then the fiery rider droops,
Toward Mecca looks and dies.

They fall unheeded from the ranks:—
On sweeps the endless train,
But there to mark the desert path
Their whitening bones remain.

As thus I read the mournful tale
Upon the traveller's page,
I thought how like the march of life
Is this sad pilgrimage.

For every heart has some fair dream,
Some object unattained,
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gained.

But beauty, manhood, love and power
Go in their morning down,
And longing eyes and outstretched arms
Tell of the goal unwon.

The mighty caravan of life
Above their dust may sweep,
Nor shout, nor trampling feet shall break
The rest of those who sleep.

Oh fountains that I have not reached,
That gush far off e'en now,
When shall I quench my spirit's thirst
Where your sweet waters flow?

Oh Mecca of my life-long dreams,
Cloud palaces that rise
In that far distance pierced by hope,
When will ye meet mine eyes?

The shadows lengthen toward the East
From the declining sun,
And the pilgrim, as ye still recede
Sighs for the journey done.

Opal, for 1846.

A Jorum of Fun.

The Alabama Voter.—"Are you in favor of Biennial Sessions of the Legislature?" asked a manager of an election in Alabama, of a voter.

"Who?" says the voter, whose name was Ance Veasy, and withal, tolerably green.

"Are you in favor of Biennial Sessions of the Legislature, sir?"

"Biennial Sessions! I don't know him—is he any kin to *Reub.* Sessions, sir? Ef he is, I'll be d—d ef you ketch me a votin' for him! You never hearn me tell 'bout that fite I had long with Reub. Sessions, up in Shelby—did you?"

"Never mind your fights now, Mr. Veasy; answer, yea or nay."

"I does'ent know what you mean by your ya and na's; but I'll be *dod rotted* ef I vote fur enny uv the Sessions family, no how you can fix it! Bah! *Biennial* Sessions, indeed!—jest as much fit for Guvnur as fire is fur a ice-house!"

Epitaph on Isaac Day.—A crier of one of our Pennsylvania Courts having lately died, whose name was Day, one of the members of the bar, perpetrated the following laughable lines to his memory.

"Step light!" the light of Day's expired!
Silent is Day—who "silence" oft required;
His staff is broken—the magic staff,
That rais'd the beaver and suppressed the laugh;
And Day's no more! no ray of light
Bespeaks the *Day*—no morning light
Will e'er restore the Court it's *Day*—
Darkly they're left to feel their way,
Since as 'tis told in *Day's* report,
Day hath no more a *Day* in Court!
"*Day* unto *Day*" no more shall utter speech—
Since Day's in darkness—far beyond the reach!—
None cry for *Day*—who oft hath cried—
To please the Court—when men were tried!
And now that *Day's* shut out—we say,
Peace to his manes! Poor Isaac Day.

A Happy Retort.—The great Dr. Radcliffe, of London, had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his accounts settled, caught the Doctor just getting out of his carriage at his own door, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why you rascal," said the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in and you shall be paid."

Our Scrap Book.

THE LOVERS.

There was a candle maker man,
And he was very old;
For it was thirty years or more
Since he began to *mould.*

His business on his face was wrote,
As plain as though on paper;
His long nose, running to a point,
You sure would call a *taper.*

A daughter fair he had, but he
Was wont to beat and starve her;
Said she, "I'm sorry he's my pa,
But wish that he was *farther.*"

And Cupid in her tender heart
An arrow dared to throw
As that alone would be no use,
He gave her, too, a *beau.*

But when her lover claimed her hand,
The father did dispute;
Said he, "Your *ashes* I would take,
But I reject your *suit.*"

So when the shades of night were spread,
He round the house would hover;
And though he was no warrior, yet
Yet he was a *mighty* lover.

"My father's coming," cried the maid;
"Oh! lover, we betide you—
For he will cane you, I'm afraid;
But come with me, I'll *hide* you."

So in the boiler he was crammed,
His legs all cramped and bent;
Cried he, "I have the *copper* got,
Though he has not the *scent.*"

And there he passed the sleepless hours
Of that eventful night;
The time, it passed so *heavily*,
He wished that it was *light.*

At early dawn, to light his fire
The cross old fellow came;
Alas! for lovers' constancy;—
He felt another *flame.*

Oh! maiden, maiden, could you now
Your lover's plight but see,
Your pa, for lover's sake, you'd hate,
For *pa-boiled* he will be.

Oh! now within that boiler hot,
His every limb seemed frying;
His situation, you will say,
Indeed must have been *trying.*

Now from his seat he starts, and scared
The old man not a little;
Recover first yourself, old man,
Re cover then your kettle.

And speeding through the garden walks,
The outer gate he won;
Sure, after such a melting down,
No wonder he should *run.*—*Boston Post.*

☞ A young lady in this city, one rainy day last week, in leaving the house, took the broom instead of the umbrella, and did not discover her mistake until, a few rods from the house, she attempted to spread it.

The Wall of China.—Schlegel, in his Philosophy of History, speaking of this stupendous fabric, says—"Such is the height and thickness of this wall, that it has been calculated, that its cubic contents exceed all the buildings in England and Scotland; or again, that the same materials would serve to construct a wall of ordinary height and moderate thickness, round the whole earth."

☞ A London paper mentions the following ingenious method of *killing time.* "Prince Albert, the Earl of Hardwicke, Mr. G. Anson, Colonels Bowles and Grey, took the diversion of shooting *yesterday forenoon.*

☞ A worthy carpenter, in giving evidence in a case of fraud, said that he *plainly saw* the defendant's *object* was to *chisel* the plaintiff out of his property, &c., and, for his part, he liked "fair play, and no *gouging.*"

☞ "It's a *grate* way," as the nutmeg screamed when the lady sent it travelling over the perforated tin. "Don't grumble, you'll only lose a little flesh on the journey," said she, increasing its speed.

☞ "Let us lay no temptation in the path of youth," as the frog said when he popped his head under water on seeing a boy pick up a stone.

☞ A letter writer says if the custom house at Liverpool derived its revenue from curses, it would be the wealthiest place in the world.

☞ Serenity of mind is nothing worth, unless it has been earned; a man should be susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

☞ When the sacrifice you request a friend to make is greater than the benefit you receive thereby, your demand is uncourteous.

☞ Why are those who peruse a popular French author like good housewives after dinner? Because they sit down to *Sue* (sew.)

☞ A true sportsman will never quail at shooting a quail, nor a milkmaid turn pale at lifting a pail over a pail.

Odd Blunder.—"Shoot folly as it flies."—*Pope.*—was set up by a stupid printer—"Shoot Polly as she flies, *pop.*"

☞ Why is a confectioner's shop like a drug store? Because they sell *pies an'* things—(poison things.)

Christmas Carols.—Hymns breathed by the poor on receiving alms from the rich.

Ladies' Boudoir.

SHE LOVES HIM YET.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

She loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Thro' all Love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds
Whenever his name is heard.
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
However his faith may waver,
Thro' grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other;
With all her wrongs
Her life on his love is set.
Oh, doubt no more!
She never can wed another;
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet!

Compassion.—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought not to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart melts at the tale of woe. We ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Curious Scraps.

STEAMBOATS.

Boats with paddle wheels, turned by oxen inside of the vessel, were known to the ancient Egyptians. Wheel boats propelled by oxen, horses and men, were known to the ancient Romans. Valturus, in the rare and very curious work "De re Militari," published 1472 gives a representation of two wheel-boats—one with one pair of wheels and one with five pair. The wheels consist of four paddles each, and are turned by cranks in the axles; and in the second boat the five cranks are connected by means of rope, so that their motion may be simultaneous. Such boats are alluded to by many other early writers as particularly useful in time of war for conveying troops from one place to another.

In 1787, Rumsey made a short voyage on the Potomac, with a boat about fifty feet long, propelled by the reaction of a stream of water drawn in at the bow and forced out at the stern, by means of a pump worked by a steam engine. The boat moved at the rate of three or four miles an hour when loaded with three tons burthen. The weight of the engine was one third of a ton. The boiler held five gallons, and the entire machinery occupied but the space required for four barrels of flour, and and she consumed from four to six bushels of coal per day.

The first boat in the world for any practical purposes, was the "North River," which commenced running on the North River, in 1807. It was built by Fulton, and was of eighteen horse power, and made the passage to Albany in thirty-five hours, or five miles an hour. The first steamboat on the Western waters was built in 1811. The steamboat Orleans of 400 tons, was built at Pittsburg, in 1813, and the Vesuvius, 300 tons, in 1814. The first steamboat arrival at New Orleans from Louisville, was on the 30th of May, 1815, of the Enterprise. A steamboat, constructed by Fulton, commenced running to Providence from the city of New York, in 1815. In 1818, a steamship plied between New York and New Orleans, via Charleston and Havana.

The steam-ship Savannah, sailed from Savannah in 1819, for Liverpool, where she arrived after a passage of twenty-six days, being the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic.

The following notice appeared in Niles' Weekly Register, of the 30th of September, 1815. "A project is on foot at New York, to build a steamer of 350 tons, to serve as a packet between New York and Charleston, South Carolina, in which it is estimated the passage will be made in four days. Those whose opinions are entitled to the fullest confidence, decidedly believe that the voyage may be made with at least as much safety as in other vessels."

Derivations.—*Pippin*: this word is derived by Dr. Johnson from *puppynghe* (Dutch:) but it is surely more reasonable to suppose it, with other etymologists, from *Pepin*, the king of the country from whence the fruit is derived; as "filberd," from Philibert of France; whilst the "rennet" apple is *la reinette*, or the "little queen;" as the geniting is from *Janeton* or *Jeannetin*, in honor of some queen or lady of that name. The Bigoroon is so called from Bigorre the French province, where it grows; as the original word "cherry" is from Cerasus, in Asia Minor; while our "mayduke" cherry derives its name from Medoc, in Burgundy. The brown pear is so named from its buttered or melting quality (beurre,) the "Colmar" pear is from Colmar, in Alsace; and the "Cuise-madame" pear from its figure. The "arlue" plum is a corruption from Orleans; the "currant" is the grape of Corinth; and the "damson" (properly *damascene*) is the plum of Damascus. Menage considers *melon* as a large apple, and derives it from the Latin and Greek. If the esculent vegetables may be noticed, the "Jerusalem artichoke" is a curious instance of the corruptions of language, it being the *sun-flower* artichoke, or *girasole*, (the plant turning to the sun.) Jerusalem being thus corrupted from girasole. Not less remarkable is John Dorey (the fish,) as a corruption from *il janitore*, or the doorkeeper; for the fish, being called on the Italian coast by the name of *St. Peter*, and he being supposed to be the *doorkeeper* of Heaven, and therefore called *il janitore* by our sailors, we thus derive the name of John Dorey.

THE FIXED STARS.

The extent of the earth's path or orbit around the sun is at least 160,000,000 of miles in diameter, yet the distance of a fixed star is not sensibly affected by it. The nearest and largest star to us is Sirius, or the Dog Star, which appears 27,000 times smaller than the Sun; and according to this calculation Sirius must be distant from the earth two billions and two hundred thousand millions of miles. A sound would not, therefore, pass from thence to us in 50,000 years; and a cannon ball whizzing through space at the rate of 480 miles per hour, would not reach the earth in 700,000 years.

The fixed stars are Suns, having worlds, planets and meteors, revolving around them, each one of which shines from its own lustre, having no aid from our Sun, which is too remote to yield them little, if any reflection. They were not created evidently by the Almighty to glimmer for the benefit of earth alone, but to shine resplendently for their nearest neighbors. All being spheres of fire like the Sun, they give heat, light and vegetation to inhabited planets or worlds, kept by gravitation within the speres of their activity.

If there was but one inhabited earth in the universe, the moon would produce a sufficient brilliancy of light for it, *after* all others were taken away. And if our Sun, with all its planets, moons, comets and other concomitants, were annihilated, they would no more be missed by the eye of a casual observer in far-off starry land, than would to us a grain of sand on the sea-shore.

Juvenile Department.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of twelve letters.
My 1, 11, 12, 8, 11 and 12, is a certain tree in India.
My 10, 5, 1, 11, 6, 6 and 4, is an article used more than it should be.
My 3, 4, 5 and 12 is a kind of duck.
My 6, 5, 11 and 3, is much used on steamboats.
My 11, 10, 3, 11 and 9, is a chain of mountains in Africa.
My 11, 12 and 10, is an insect.
My 12, 8, 3 and 2, is a river in Africa.
My 5, 11, 10 and 9, is a certain grain.
My 9, 7, 4 and 2, is an article of convenience in dress.
My 6, 4, 5 and 12, is an animal much used in 1840.
My whole is the name of a country in Asia.
☞ Answer next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

Answer—Hampden Sidney College. *Solutions*—Himmatch, Amelia, Mecca, Philadelphia, Delhi, Eden, Nile, Saline, Indiana, Don, Napoli, Ems, Yale, Cologne, Ohio, London, Lyons, Edmonson, Ganges, Elsom.

A COLLECTION OF WORDS, WITH THEIR EXPLANATION.

Abandon, to give up; forsake.
Abase, to bring low.
Abash, to make ashamed.
Abate, to lessen; decrease.
Abbreviate, to shorten.
Abdicate, to give up right; resign.
Abet, to encourage; assist.
Abhor, to hate; loathe.
Abide, to dwell in a place.
Ability, power; capable of performing anything.
Abject, mean; worthless.
Abolish, to destroy; make void.

The Earth and Sun.—The Earth is said to be 7,970 miles in diameter—making it, of course, 25,038 miles in circumference. Its mean distance from the Sun, or *Sol*, as it was styled by the ancients, is 95,173,000 miles. Its annual period around the sun, is once in one year, and its rotation on its own axis takes place in one year also. Its hourly motion in its orbit, is 68,243 miles—the hourly motion of its equator 1,042 miles, and the inclination of axis to orbit, 23 deg. 29 min.

The Family.

LINES FOR THE PRESENT.

FROM THE EVENING MIRROR.

A year hath past—a year hath severed
Another cherished link from time,
Another storm in life is weathered,
And we are ploughing through our prime;
Years are rolling as the billows,
Every moment's flying fast,
Days are crumbling as the pillars
Of some mighty temple past!

Each and all are but a solemn
Temple built upon the soul;
Every crumbling year's a column
Fallen from the mighty whole.
The Past is the departed hour
Haunting round the ruined wall
The Present is the ivy flower,
Growing wildly over all!

Cherish fond the fallen pillar,
And from it the lesson learn,
Hearts are true that love the willow
Weeping o'er the broken urn.
The youthful year is but the growing
Orphan of the parent dead,
Remember well while tears are flowing,
What road to shun, and path to tread!

J. E. T.

GOOD TEMPER.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. Every day brings its burthen. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional studies; he cannot foresee what trial he may encounter, what failure of hopes, of friendships, or of prospects may meet him, before he returns to his home; but if he can anticipate *there* the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it might be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure. It is the interest, therefore, as well as the duty of a woman, to cultivate good temper, and to have ever ready some word or look of cheerfulness, encouragement, or at least of sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable—will teach the delicacy which *times* a kindness, as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, whilst it ever evinces a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments; that it is among the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation; and that especially in that tie, which, though the nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection. It is not, indeed, so much a means of attracting or exciting love, as it is of securing it. In fact it is scarcely known, until familiarity draws aside the veil of social restraint, and the character, with its real faults and virtues, is unfolded in the privacy of home.

The Olio.

COQUETTE'S SONG.

By E. F. ELLET.

Ah yes—gentle sir—I will own
I ne'er saw perfection till now;
That I never—no never—have known
A smile such as yours—I'll allow.
And your eyes—Oh! they speak to the soul
With their glances as bright as the day;
But *I* mean to keep my heart whole—
So away with your love vows—away.
Away—away—
Away with your love-vows—away!

Ah! ne'er such a voice, I'll confess,
In its low, murmuring tones have I heard,
So deep with emotion's excess—
Yet soft as the tones of a bird.
Oh! the thrilling and sweet melody
Might melt any heart to your sway—
But dearly I love to be free—
So away with your love-vows—away—
Away—away—
Away with your love-vows—away!

No, no—I assure you 'tis vain
To sigh, and to plead, and to woo;
But I'll own, if I *could* wear a chain,
I would have it—yes—woven by you
Some future time—may be—but now
I'll be free as a bird on the spray!
I won't—won't be fettered—I vow;
So away with your love talk—away—
Away—away—
Away with your love talk—away!

Typographia.—The Manchester *American* says Our types do not always make us say just what we intended. In a late number for "The Hon. Moses Norris, tother stool"—read "Hon. Moses Norris, the *Southern tool!*"

This is equal to the old erratum from a Western paper—

For "Bumbleton's Storm-destroying Porringers," in our last paper, read "Pennington's Worm-destroying Losenges."

FADING LEAVES.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

A young child stood in a shadowy wood,
And her eyes were dim with tears,
And a shade was resting sadly there,
Too deep for her tender years:
Yet she knew not why—she knew not why,
For heart like a happy bird,
Came quickly—joyously leaping up,
Whenever the boughs were stirr'd.

The sky was clear, but the leaves were sere,
And the child watched them fall,
And she saw how the tallest, proudest trees,
Were stripped the first of all:
Then, with lips apart, to her own pure heart,
She said what their fading taught,
For even the leaves in the silent woods,
Are all with lessons fraught.

"I am fair and young—I am gay and strong,
But so was this noble tree,
Yet the breath of winter has withered that,
And winter may come to me:
But my father, who gave to the tree its bloom,
And covers the daisied sod;
Will bring back spring—for them—for me,
If I love and worship God.

Oh! even a child may read aright
The pages opened there;
For the spirit of love—that dwells in light,
Is reigning everywhere.

Arthur's Magazine, for January.

☞ Jeremy Taylor, speaking of the widow of a blacksmith who was constantly laboring to procure the necessaries of life, thus beautifully but quaintly portrays her character:

"Thus she lived, poor, patient and resigned. Her heart was a passion flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of Heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was the place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed, that when she at length reached it, she should work no more, *but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing psalms.*"

Prodigious Pay for Piping.—Jenny Lind, the Swedish cantatrice, whose name is already familiar in America, is engaged at the opera at Berlin for four successive years, ten months each year, at a salary rather exceeding that of the President of the United States. She receives a fixed stipend of twenty thousand dollars, with an addition of forty dollars for each performance.—Her two vacant months will be worth, at the least, two thousand dollars more; so that Md'lle Lind will be in the receipt of the enormous annual income of thirty-five thousand dollars for four years to come.

An Awkward Affair.—A provincial actress was performing the part of Lady Anne in Richard III., and on delivering the following passage, "when shall I have rest?" she was answered by her washerwoman, "never till you pay me my three shillings and two pence."

☞ The reason why hens do not lay in the winter is said to be the want of animal food, which they get in summer in great abundance, in the form of insects. An intelligent editor in the West says the reason is that they havn't time, the days being so short.

☞ Tasso being told that he had an opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy—"I wish not to plunder him," said he, "but there are things which I wish to take from him not his honor, or his wealth, nor his life, *but his ill will.*"

☞ Every person has more or less influence. The greater the talent, the larger the wealth, the higher the office, the wider will be the influence.—Remember this, and so live that your good deeds and daily example may lead to truth and virtue.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Pain in the Side and Breast, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Palpitation of the Heart, Whooping Cough, Croup, Hives, Nervous Tremors, Liver Complaint and Diseased Kidneys, are radically cured by
THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPTHA.

CURE FOLLOWS CURE!—FARTHER evidence of the efficacy of Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha, in Consumption.

Philada., Oct 13, 1845.

The undersigned is induced to make the following brief statement, under a firm conviction that many valuable lives might be saved, was recourse had to the same means which have restored me to health. I had suffered for years with weakness of the Lungs and Liver Complaint, but so gradual were the inroads of disease, that I felt no alarm until within the last year. The chief cause of distress was pain in my breast and right side, great oppression, almost strangling, and total inability to raise the corrupt matter which obstructed my breathing; and at times so great was my suffering, I thought I could not live an hour. It is scarcely necessary to say that during this time I had the best medical attendance, was cupped, blistered, &c., with no avail. I also used various advertised and well known medicines, obtaining no relief whatever until I procured "Thompson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Wood Naptha," one bottle of which benefitted me more than all else I had taken; and I now assert it as my solemn belief, that by this time I should have been in my grave had I not procured this remedy at the time I did.

SARAH JANE ADAMS,
No. 178 South Fourth street.

Sworn to and subscribed this 13th day of Oct., 1845, before me, CHAUNCEY BULKLEY, Alderman.

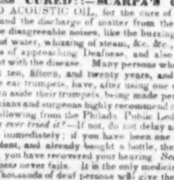
LIST OF AGENTS.

Wm. D. Little, Portland, Me.; T. C. Butler, Derby Line, Vermont; J. A. Perry, Manchester, New Hampshire; F. Brown, Boston; John Coe, Worcester, Mass.; C. L. Covell, Springfield, Mass.; R. J. Taylor, Newport, R. I.; Dr. Charles Osgood, Norwich, Conn.; F. Grant, Exeter, N. H.; G. Terry, Enfield, Conn.; Moses Dame, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; A. B. Sands & Co., New York; J. Eyerman, Easton, Pa.; T. B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J.; Ed. Bringhurst, Wilmington, Del.; Roberts & Atkinson, corner of Baltimore and Hanover streets, Baltimore; Chas. Stott, Washington, D. C.; A. Duval & Co., Richmond, Va.; Chas. Cerling, Petersburg, Va.; M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va.; John H. Seay, Lynchburg, Va.; Dr. James Cooke, Fredericksburg, Va.; C. H. Hunt, do Va.; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala.; F. A. & M. Owen, Memphis, Tenn.; L. Wilcox, Jr., Pittsburg; G. F. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. & N. Judkins, Barnesville, do.; Jas. H. C. Johnson, Warren, do.; S. Cooper, Springfield, do.; Lewis Curtis, Geneva, Wisconsin Ty.; Doctor McPherson, Harrisburg; D. Gross, Harrisburg; Stevenson & Mehaffey, Carlisle; R. Angney, Carlisle, Pa.; John Gish, Lancaster; Jacob Mayer, Chambersburg; Rev. D. Smith, Greencastle, Pa.; Houston & Mason, Towanda, Pa.; Sharp D. Lewis, Wilkesbarre, do.; J. W. Storrer, Waynesboro', do.; John G. Brown, Pottsville; E. W. Earl, Reading, Pa.; Moore & Longacre, Norristown, Pa.; H. P. Auginbaugh, Hagerstown, Md.

S. P. THOMSON, N. E. corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, sole proprietor. aug 16-eowtm

Price 50 cents per bottle, or six bottles for $2,50.

☞ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND COUNTERFEITS.



DEAFNESS CURED!!—SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL, for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following from the Philada. Public Ledger.

"*Have you ever tried it?*—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is that it cures you without producing any pain."

The Editor of the Philadelphia Forum thus speaks of the medicine.

"*Valuable Article.*—Scarpa's Acoustic Oil is said by those who have had occasion to use it, to be an excellent medicine in cases of deafness arising from colds or other causes. We know a young lady who not long since was almost immediately relieved by it, and the certificate of Mr. Daniel Graeff is an unanswerable testimony of its efficacy."

And again from the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

"*Important for the Deaf.*—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness.* We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and of course know its value."

Here is something worth attending to, coming, as does, from a man so extensively known as is Mr. Graeff, both in the city and country:

"I hereby certify, that from the effects of a severe cold last winter, I became partially deaf, attended with very disagreeable noises, like ringing of bells, &c., which gradually increased, until I completely lost the hearing of one ear—when I was induced to use Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, and am now happy to say, that with the use of one bottle of the above medicine, I can hear as well as ever, and all disagreeable noises have entirely disappeared. Any further information respecting my case, will be gladly given, by calling on me at 45½ North Fifth street, near Race.

Philada., Nov. 11, 1843." DANIEL GRAEFF.

READ WHAT SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL HAS DONE!!!—The greatest cure every yet performed by any medicine. It never fails!

From the Albany Daily Knickerbocker.

West Troy, June 3, 1844.

This is to certify that I, Willard Jenks, proprietor of the West Troy Exchange Hotel, having been afflicted with deafness in one ear for the last twenty years, and in the other for the last year, so that it was impossible for me to hear the loudest voice, and after trying various remedies without improving my hearing in the least, I was induced to try Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil for the cure of Deafness, and it is with great gratification I am enabled to state that it has perfectly restored my hearing, and I will be happy to see any person who wishes for information in relation to my case, at my place, in West Troy.

mar 8-eowtf] WILLARD JENKS.

A great number of certificates and other testimonials may be seen by calling at Dr. D. Jayne's, No. 20 South Third street, or B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia, where the medicine is for sale, wholesale or retail. Also at A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 Fulton street, New York; Carter & Wilson, corner of Portland and Hanover streets, Boston, Mass.; G. L. Duhurst, Baltimore, Md.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; Sickles & Co., New Orleans, La.; B. F. Ells, Dayton, Ohio; J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis, Mr. A. Carter, Portland, Me.; W. F. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.; W. K. Kitchen, Augusta, Ga.; A. Jayne's, Pittsburg, Pa., Tomlinson & Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind.; and in most of the principal cities in the United States.

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE,
OLD FRIENDSHIPS,
AND
NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the Saturday Evening Post feel constrained to make again their acknowledgments to the reading public for the liberal support which their paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the return which such patronage requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependant upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that The Post has increase in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying sup[illegible] which has been awarded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, The Post has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the Post, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In political intelligence we recognise only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

"*The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number.*"

To give the Saturday Post an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

FAMILY CIRCLE,

We give to its columns the character of a WEEKLY MAGAZINE, embracing,
ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;
ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;
HISTORY AND HISTORIETTES;
BIOGRAPHY AND LEGENDS;
SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;
REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, on NOTABLES;
WIT AND HUMOR;

In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the

WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the Post truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still Excelsior. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for the Saturday Evening Post.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

In addition to the letters of our much admired contributor, JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR, and the agreeable gossip of our Bristol Correspondent, the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, purchase of the New York Mirror the right to transfer to their columns the letters of N. P. WILLIS. In this department, therefore, the POST cannot be excelled.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM.
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10,00	" "
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The money must always be sent in advance free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION,

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs; the most effectual and speedy cure ever known for any of the above diseases is

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY—ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 20th, 1845.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir:—I feel called by a sense of duty I owe to suffering humanity to acknowledge my grateful thanks for the wonderful effects of your "COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY" on me, after having suffered months after months with the most afflicting of all diseases, Consumption, with scarcely a ray of hope, or a "beacon light" to guard me against my own horrible forebodings. The circumstances which first led to the awful state of debility, was from taking a very heavy "cold," which seemed to fix itself upon the lungs, which gradually grew worse, with profuse night sweats, a hacking cough, oppression in the breast, spitting blood, with great general debility. My constitution seemed broken down, and nervous system very much impaired, with all the symptoms of confirmed Consumption. I went to Philadelphia, and was treated there by physicians of the highest respectability, but still grew worse, until they gave me up as incurable, and advised me to go South, but being very poor after losing so much time from my work, and having spent all my money on the various "Patent Medicines," which were recommended so highly through the medium of the press, I was unable to take their advice. Being a member of the Order of Odd Fellows, they supplied me with money gratuitously to send me to my friends in Saco, Maine. I was treated by physicians of the highest standing there, but received no benefit whatever from them, but gradually grew worse, until my physicians and myself gave up all hopes of my ever recovering, and I felt like one who is about to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. At this "awful injunction," I heard of your "COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY," and knowing you to be a regular practising physician in Philadelphia, gave me more confidence in the medicine, so I concluded, as a last resort, to make a trial of it. I sent to your agent in Boston and purchased one bottle, which relieved me very much. I then procured two bottles more, which I am happy to say entirely cured me, and I am now enjoying better health than I ever have before in my life. It seemed to have a beneficial effect at once. I gained strength rapidly, although reduced to a mere skeleton, and I feel satisfied from its salutary effects in my case, that Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry will cure any case of diseased Lungs if taken according to the prescribed rules contained in the pamphlets accompanying the medicines. Even the physicians who witnessed my case are highly recommending it in similar cases—and I wish you to make this public, so that others who are suffering as I have been, may know where to procure a remedy at first, which will reach their disease, without tampering with and ruining their constitutions with the many "quack nostrums" with which the country is flooded; prepared by persons who have no knowledge of the science of medicine in theory or practice, but are got up merely with a mercenary view.

I am a Scarlet Member of the Hope Lodge of I. O. of O. F., in Providence, R. I., and will be happy to give any information in regard to the efficacy of your medicine, and can give ample proof that my case is not exaggerated in the least. ALBERT A. ROSS.

To Dr. H. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—The public should be on their guard against the many "Balsams" and "Mixtures" of Wild Cherry, which have sprung up in all parts of the country purporting to be prepared by physicians, all of which will be found to be "false," by a little inquiry in the towns and cities where they originate. All certificates and statements in regard to Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry are "strictly true," and the proprietor is daily receiving them from persons who have been cured by the celebrated remedy. The (original and only) genuine article is only prepared by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia.

Attached are a few of the Agents.

AGENTS.—Dr. Milner, corner of Broadway and John streets, New York; William Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. B. Hinman, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. S. Morris & Co. Louisville, Ky.; E. Easterly & Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew Oliver & Co., N. Orleans; O. O. Woodman, Vicksburg, Miss.; S. Coltart, Huntsville, Ala.; E. Hoolsige, Buffalo, New York; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile; I. P. Cook, Baltimore; J. M'Kinley, Louisville, Pa.; Mrs. E. Kidder, 100 Court street, Boston; R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.; J. M. Winslow, Rochester, N. Y.; Harvey Seymour, Hartford, Conn.; H. & J. Brewer, Springfield, Mass.; P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston; J. M. Turner, Savannah, Geo.; Bernard & Co., Rodney, Miss.; G. & W. Russell, Albany; Wm. D. Little, Portland, Me.; Heinitsh & Son, Lancaster; M. Lutz, Harrisburg; M. Phillips, Wilmington; Ritter & Co., Reading; W. Shaw, Wilmington, N. C.; Atson & Gault, Concord, N. H.; Douglas & Lansing, Chillicothe; Geo. H. Fish, Saratoga Springs; Myers & Haverstick, Carlisle; J. Welty, Greensburg; P. Johnson, Richmond, Va.; Shipley & Wheeler, St. Augustine, Fla.; A. Morgan, Havanna, West Indies, and by all the regularly appointed agents in all the principal towns throughout the U. States. nov 22-3m

ONLY GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL.—We ask no more of any one, than to give DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT a fair trial, and if it does not cure the various diseases for which it is recommended, sooner and more effectually than any other medicine that has ever been offered to the public, the proprietor is willing to undergo any penalty, however severe the public may see proper to impose upon him. It will cure Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Bleeding from the Lungs or Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, and a very large majority of the most hopeless cases of CONSUMPTION, when physicians and their prescriptions fail to do any good. Again we say, only try it. It will not harm you, but it must and will do you good. Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South 3d street, Philada.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND TIC DOULOUREUX.—A respectable gentleman called at our office as he said, to inform us that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with Rheumatism or Gout, and occasionally with Tic Douloureux; that he has been frequently confined to his room for months together, and often suffered the most intense and excruciating pains, but lately he had been using DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, from which he found the most signal and unexpected relief. He says he found the medicine very pleasant and effective, and that he now considers himself thoroughly cured.—*Spirit of the Times.* dec 20-3t